

all round the tent, some shaking the curtains and calling " *Hakim* | *Hakim* | " and though I kept it shut till eleven, and raised the mercury to 115° by doing so, there was no rest.

From eleven o'clock till 9 P.M., except for one hour, when I was away at the Khan's, I was " seeing patients," wishing I were a real instead of a spurious *Hakim*, for there was so much suffering, and some of it I knew not how to relieve. However, I was able (thanks to St. Mary's Hospital, London) to open three whitlows and two abscesses, and it was delightful to see the immediate relief of the sufferers. " God is great," they all exclaimed, and the bystanders echoed, " God is great." I dressed five neglected bullet wounds, and sewed up a gash of doubtful origin, and with a little help from Mirza prepared eye-lotions and medicines for seventy-three people. I asked one badly-wounded man in what quarrel he had been shot, and he replied that he didn't know, his Khan had told him to go and fight.

In the afternoon several very distressed people were brought from an Armenian village ten miles off, and were laid by those who brought them at the tent door. At five the crowd was very great and the hubbub inconceivable, and Mirza failed to keep order in the absence of Aziz Khan, who had gone on a pilgrimage to a neighbouring *imammda*. The mercury had never fallen below 100°. I had been standing or kneeling for six hours, and had a racking headache, so I reluctantly shut up my medicine chest and went by invitation to

call on the
Khan's wives, but the whole crowd
surrounded and fol-
lowed me, swelling as it moved along, a man
with a mare
with bad eyes, which had been brought ten
miles for eye-
lotion, increasing the clamour by his urgency.
"Khanum!
Khanum!" (lady) "Chashma!" (eyes) "Shikam!"
(stomach)
were shouted on all sides, with " *Hakim!*
Hakim !" The